

THE  
First part of the Con=

tention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke  
and Lancaster, with the death of the good  
Duke Humphrey:

And the banishment and death of the Duke of  
*Suffolke*, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall  
of *Winchester*, vvith the notable Rebellion  
of *Iacke Cade*:

*And the Duke of Yorkes first claime vnto the  
Crowne.*



LONDON.  
Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington,  
and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters  
Church in Cornwall.

1594.

THE

# First part of the Com

mon law, being the two hundred and forty  
and last of the Statutes made in the  
reign of Henry the eighth.

By Thomas Cicer, Esq. one of the  
Clerks of the High Court of Chancery.

Printed by I. I. at the Sign of the  
Three Kings in St. Dunstons Church-yard  
near St. Dunstons Church in London.

1594.



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Printed by Thomas Cicer, for Thomas Millington,  
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Church in London.

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# THE FIRST PART OF THE CON- TENTION OF THE TWO FAMOUS

Houses of *Yorke & Lancaster*, with the death of  
the good Duke *Humphrey*.

*Enter at one doore, King Henry the sixt, and Humphrey Duke of  
Gloster, the Duke of Sommerfet, the Duke of Buckingham, Car-  
dinall Bewford, and others.*

*Enter at the other doore, the Duke of Yorke, and the Marquesse of  
Suffolke, and Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Salisbury and  
Warwicke.*

*Suffolke.*



S by your high imperiall Maiesties command,  
I had in charge at my depart for *France*,  
As Procurator for your excellence,  
To marry Princes *Margaret* for your grace,  
So in the auncient famous Citie Towres,  
In presence of the Kings of *France & Cysile*,  
The Dukes of *Orleance, Calabar, Brittain, and Alonson*.  
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, and then the reuerend Bishops,  
I did performe my taske and was espousde,  
And now, most humbly on my bended knees,  
In sight of England and her royall Peeres,  
Deliuier vp my title in the Queene,  
Vnto your gracious excellence, that are the substance  
Of that great shadow I did represent:  
The happiest gift that euer Marquesse gaue,

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*  
The fairest Queene that euer King posselt.

*King. Suffolke arise.*

Welcome Queene *Margaret* to English *Henries* Court,  
The greatest shew of kindnesse yet we can bestow,  
Is this kinde kisse: Oh gracious God of heauen,  
Lend me a heart repleat with thankfulnessse,  
For in this beautilous face thou hast bestowde  
A world of pleasures to my perplexed soule.

*Queene.* Th'excessiue loue I beare vnto your grace,  
Forbids me to be lauish of my tongue,  
Least I should speake more then be seemes a woman:  
Let this suffice, my blisse is in your liking,  
And nothing can make poore *Margaret* miserable,  
Vnlesse the frowne of mightie Englands King.

*Kin.* Her looks did wound, but now her speech doth pierce,  
Louely Queene *Margaret* sit down by my side:  
And vnckle *Gloster*, and you Lordly Peeres,  
With one voice welcome my beloued Queene.

*All.* Long liue Queene *Margaret*, Englands happinesse.

*Queene.* We thanke you all.

Sound Trumpets.

*Suffolke.* My Lord Protector, so it please your grace,  
Here are the Articles confirme of peace,  
Betweene our Soueraigne and the French King *Charles*,  
Till terme of eightene months be full expirde.

*Humphrey.* *Imprimis*, It is agreed betweene the French King  
*Charles*, and *William de la Poule*, Marqueesse of *Suffolke*, Embat-  
sador for *Henry* King of England, that the said *Henry* shal wed  
and espouse the Ladie *Margaret*, daughter to *Raynard* King of  
*Naples*, *Cyffels*, and *Ierusalem*, and crowne her Queene of Eng-  
land, ere the 30. of the next month.

*Item.* It is further agreed betweene them, that the Dutches of *An-  
ioy* and of *Maine*, shall be released and deliuered ouer to the  
King her fa.

Duke *Humphrey* lets it fall.

*Kin.* How now vnckle, whats the matter that you stay so sodenly.

*Humphrey.*



*Humph.* Pardon my Lord, a sodain qualme came ouer my hart,  
Which dimmes mine eyes that I can reade no more.  
*Vnckle of Winchester,* I pray you reade on.

*Cardinall. Item,* It is further agreed betweene them, that the  
Duches of *Anioy* and of *Mayne*, shall be released and deliue-  
red ouer to the King her father, & she sent ouer of the King  
of Englands owne proper cost and charges without dowry.

*King.* They please vs well, Lord *Marquesse* kneele downe, We  
here create thee first Duke of *Suffolke*, & girt thee with the  
sword. Cosin of *Yorke*, We here discharge your grace from  
being Regent in the parts of *France*, till terme of 18. months  
be full expirde.

Thankes vnckle *VVinchester, Gloster, Yorke, and Buckingham, So-*  
*merfet, Salisbury and VVarwicke.*

We thanke you all for this great fauour done,  
In entertainment to my Priecely Queene,  
Come let vs in, and with all speed prouide  
To see her Coronation be performde.

*Exet King, Queene, and Suffolke, and Duke*  
*Humphrey staies all the rest.*

*Humphrey.* Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the state,  
To you Duke *Humphrey* must vnfold his grieffe,  
What did my brother *Henry* toyle himselte,  
And waste his subiects for to conquere *France*?  
And did my brother *Bedford* spend his time  
To keepe in awe that stout vnruely Realme?  
And haue not I and mine vnckle *Bewford* here,  
Done all we could to keepe that land in peace?  
And is all our labours then spent in vaine,  
For *Suffolke* he, the new made Duke that rules the roast,  
Hath giuen away for our King *Henries* Queene,  
The Duches of *Anioy* and *Mayne* vnto her father.  
Ah Lords, fatall is this marriage canselling our states,  
Reuerfing Monuments of conquered *France*,  
Vndoing all, as none had nere bene done.

*Card.* Why how now cosin *Gloster*, what needs this?



*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

As if our King were bound vnto your will,  
And might not do his will without your leaue,  
Proud Protector, enuy in thine eyes I see,  
The big swolne venome of thy hatefull heart,  
That dares presume gainst that thy Soueraigne likes.

*Humphr.* Nay my Lord tis not my words that troubles you,  
But my presence, proud Prelate as thou art:  
But ile begone, and giue thee leaue to speake.  
Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,  
I prophesied *France* would be lost ere long.

*Exet Duke Humphrey.*

*Card.* There goes our Protector in a rage,  
My Lords you know he is my great enemy,  
And though he be Protector of the land,  
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts,  
For well you see, if he but walke the streets,  
The common people swarme about him straight,  
Crying Iesus blesse your royall excellence,  
With God preferue the good Duke *Humphrey*.  
And many things besides that are not knowne,  
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humphrey*.  
But I will after him, and if I can  
Ile laie a plot to heaue him from his seate.

*Exet Cardinall.*

*Buck.* But let vs watch this haughtie Cardinall,  
Cosen of *Somerset* be rulde by me,  
Weele watch Duke *Humphrey* and the Cardinall too,  
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.

*Somerset.* Thanks cosin *Buckingham*, ioyne thou with me,  
And both of vs with the Duke of *Suffolke*,  
Weele quickly heaue Duke *Humphrey* from his seate.

*Buck.* Content, Come then let vs about it straight,  
For either thou or I will be Protector.

*Exet Buckingham and Somerset.*

*Salisb.* Pride went before, Ambition follows after,  
Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,

My

My Lords let vs seeke for our Countries good,  
Oft haue I seene this haughtie Cardinall  
Sweare, and forswear himselfe, and braue it out,  
More like a Ruffin then a man of Church.  
Cofin *Yorke*, the victories thou hast wonne,  
In *Ireland*, *Normandie*, and in *France*,  
Hath wonne thee immortall praise in England.  
And thou braue *Warwicke*, my thrice valiant sonne,  
Thy simple plainnesse and thy house-keeping,  
Hath wonne thee credit amongst the common sort,  
The reuerence of mine age, and *Neuels* name,  
Is of no litle force if I command,  
Then let vs ioyne all three in one for this,  
That good Duke *Humphrey* may his state possesse,  
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke* my noble sonne.

*Warw.* For grieve that all is lost that *Warwicke* won.  
*Sorines.* *Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen away at once,  
Why *Warwicke* did win them, & must that then which we wonne  
with our swords, be giuen away with wordes.

*Yorke.* As I haue read, our Kinges of England were woont to  
haue large dowries with their wiues, but our King *Henry*  
giues away his owne.

*Sals.* Come sonnes away and looke vnto the maine.

*War.* Vnto the *Maine*, Oh father *Maine* is lost,  
Which *Warwicke* by maine force did win from *France*,  
*Maine* chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,  
Which I will win from *France*, or else be slaine.

*Exet Salisbury and Warwicke.*

*Yorke.* *Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen vnto the French,  
Cold newes for me, for I had hope of *France*,  
Euen as I haue of fertill England.  
A day will come when *Yorke* shall claime his owne,  
And therefore I will take the *Neuels* parts,  
And make a show of loue to proud Duke *Humphrey*:  
And vwhen I spie aduantage, claime the Crowne,  
For thats the golden marke I seeke to hit:

Nor



*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

Nor shall proud *Lancaster* vsurpe my right,  
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,  
Nor vveare the Diademe vpon his head,  
Whose church-like humours fits not for a Crowne:  
Then *Yorke* be still a vvhile till time do serue,  
Watch thou, and vwake vvhether others be a sleepe,  
To prie into the secrets of the state,  
Till *Henry* surfeiting in ioyes of loue,  
With his nevv bride, and Englands dear bought queene,  
And *Humphrey* vwith the Peeres be false at iarres,  
Then vwill I raise aloft the milke-vvwhite Rose,  
With vvwhose svveete smell the aire shall be perfumde,  
And in my Standard beare the Armes of *Yorke*,  
To grapple vwith the House of *Lancaster*:  
And force perforce, ile make him yeeld the Crowne,  
Whose bookeish rule hath puld faire England dovvne.

*Exit Yorke.*

Enter Duke *Humphrey*, and Dame *Ellenor*,  
*Cobham* his vvife.

*Elnor.* Why droopes my Lord like ouer ripened corne,  
Hanging the head at *Cearies* plentious load,  
What seest thou Duke *Humphrey* King *Henries* Crowne?  
Reach at it, and if thine arme be too short,  
Mine shall lengthen it. Art not thou a Prince,  
Vnckle to the King, and his Protector?  
Then vvhat shouldst thou lacke that might content thy minde.

*Humph.* My louely *Nell*, far be it from my heart,  
To thinke of Treasons gainst my soueraigne Lord,  
But I vvvas troubled vwith a dreame to night,  
And God I pray, it do betide no ill.

*Elnor.* What drempt my Lord. Good *Humphrey* tell it me,  
And ile interpret it, and vvhen thats done,  
Ile tell thee then, vvhat I did dreame to night.

*Humphrey.* This night vvhen I vvvas laid in bed, I drempt that  
this



*Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

This my staffe mine Office badge in Court,  
Was broke in two, and on the ends were plac'd,  
The heads of the Cardinall of *VVinchester*,  
And *VVilliam de la Poule* first Duke of *Suffolke*.

*Elnor*. Tush my Lord, this signifies nought but this,  
That he that breakes a sticke of *Glosters* groue,  
Shall for th' offence, make forfeit of his head.  
But now my Lord, Ile tell you what I dreamt,  
Me thought I was in the Cathedrall Church  
At *Westminster*, and seated in the chaire  
Where Kings and Queenes are crownde, and at my feete  
*Henry* and *Margaret* with a Crowne of gold  
Stood readie to set it on my Princely head.

*Humphrey*. Fie *Nell*. Ambitious woman as thou art,  
Art thou not second woman in this land,  
And the Protector's wife belou'd of him,  
And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus,  
Away I say, and let me heare no more.

*Elnor*. How now my Lord. What angry with your *Nell*,  
For telling but her dreame. The next I haue  
Ile keepe to my selfe, and not be rated thus.

*Humphrey*. Nay *Nell*, Ile giue no credit to a dreame,  
But I would haue thee to thinke on no such things.

Enters a Messenger.

*Messenger*. And it please your grace, the King and Queene to  
morrow morning will ride a hawking to *Saint Albones*,  
and craues your company along with them.

*Humphrey*. With all my heart, I will attend his grace:  
Come *Nell*, thou wilt go with vs vs I am sure.

*Exet Humphrey.*

*Elnor*. Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,  
But ere it be long, Ile go before them all,  
Despight of all that seeke to crosse me thus,  
Who is within there?

B

Enter

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

Enter sir *Iohn Hum*.

What sir *Iohn Hum*, what newes with you?

*Sir Iohn*. Iesus preferue your Maiestie.

*Elnor*. My Maiestie. Why man I am but grace.

*Ser Iohn*. I, but by the grace of God & *Hums* aduise,  
Your graces state shall be aduants ere long.

*Elnor*. What hast thou conferd with *Margery Iordaine*, the  
cunning Witch of *Ely*, with *Roger Bullingbrooke* and the  
rest, and will they vndertake to do me good?

*Sir Iohn*. I haue Madame, and they haue promised me to raise  
a Spirite from depth of vnder grounde, that shall tell your  
grace all questions you demaund.

*Elnor*. Thanks good sir *Iohn*. Some two daies hence I gesse  
Will fit our time, then see that they be here:  
For now the King is ryding to Saint *Albones*,  
And all the Dukes and Earles along with him,  
When they be gone, then safely they may come,  
And on the backside of my Orchard heere,  
There cast their Spelles in silence of the night,  
And so resolute vs of the thing we wish,  
Till when, drinke that for my sake, And so farwell.

*Exet Elnor*.

*Sir Iohn*. Now sir *Iohn Hum*, No words but mum.  
Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be,  
These gifts ere long will make me mightie rich,  
The Duchesse she thinks now that all is well,  
But I haue gold comes from another place,  
From one that hyred me to set her on,  
To plot these Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,  
And that is the mightie Duke of *Suffolke*.  
For he it is, but I must not say so,  
That by my meanes must worke the Duchesse fall,  
Who now by Cuniurations thinkes to rise.  
But whilst sir *Iohn*, no more of that I trow,

For



*Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*  
For feare you lose your head before you goe. 1

*Exet.*

Enter two Petitioners, and *Peter* the  
Armourers man.

1. *Peti.* Come sirs let vs linger here abouts a while,  
Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,  
That we may shew his grace our seuerall causes.

2. *Peti.* I pray God saue the good Duke *Humphries* life,  
For but for him a many were vndone,  
That cannot get no succour in the Court,  
But see where he comes with the Queene.

Enter the Duke of *Suffolke* with the Queene, and they  
take him for Duke *Humphrey*, and giues  
him their writings.

1. *Peti.* Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of *Suffolke*.

*Queene.* Now good-fellowes, whom would you speak withall?

2. *Peti.* If it please your Maiestie, with my Lord Protectors  
Grace.

*Queene.* Are your sutes to his grace. Let vs see them first,  
Looke on them my Lord of *Suffolke*.

*Suffolke.* A complaint against the Cardinals man,  
What hath he done?

2. *Peti.* Marry my Lord, he hath stole away my wife,  
And th'are gone together, and I know not where to finde them.

*Suffolke.* Hath he stole thy wife, thats some iniury indeed.  
But what say you?

*Peter Thump.* Marry sir I come to tel you that my maister said,  
that the Duke of *Yorke* was true heire vnto the Crowne, and  
that the King was an vsurer.

*Queene.* An vsurper thou wouldst say.

*Peter.* I forsooth an vsurper.

*Queene.* Didst thou say the King was an vsurper?

*Peter.* No forsooth, I saide my maister saide so, th'other day



*The first part of the contention of the two famous*  
when we were scowring the Duke of Yorks Armour in our  
garret.

*Suffolke.* I marry this is something like,  
Whose within there?

Enter one or two.

Sirra take in this fellow and keepe him close,  
And send out a Pursuant for his maister straight,  
Weele here more of this before the King.

*Exet with the Armourers man.*

Now sir what yours? Let me see it,  
Whats here?

A complaint against the Duke of *Suffolke* for enclosing the com-  
mons of long Melford.

How now sir knaue.

1. Peti. I beseech your grace to pardon me, me, I am but a  
Messenger for the whole town-ship.

He teares the papers.

*Suffolke.* So now show your petitions to Duke *Humphrey*.  
Villaines get you gone and come not neare the Court,  
Dare these pesants write against me thus.

*Exet Petitioners.*

*Queene.* My Lord of *Suffolke*, you may see by this,  
The Commons loues vnto that haughtie Duke,  
That seekes to him more then to King *Henry*:  
Whose eyes are alwaies poring on his booke,  
And nere regards the honour of his name,  
But still must be protected like a childe,  
And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,  
That scarfe will moue his cap nor speake to vs,  
And his proud wife, high minded *Eleanor*,  
That ruffles it with such a troupe of Ladies,  
As strangers in the Court takes her for the *Queene*.  
The other day she vanted to her maides,  
That the very traine of her worst gowne,  
Was worth more wealth then all my fathers lands,  
Can any grieve of minde be like to this.

*Itell*

*Houſes, of Yorke and Lancaſter.*

Itell thee *Poull*, when thou didſt runne at Tilt,  
And ſtoſt away our Ladaies hearts in *France*,  
I thought King *Henry* had bene like to thee,  
Or elſe thou hadſt not brought me out of *France*.

*Suffolke*. Madame content your ſelfe a litle while,  
As I was cauſe of your comming to England,  
So will I in England worke your full content:  
And as for proud Duke *Humphrey* and his wife,  
I haue ſet lime-twigs that will intangle them,  
As that your grace ere long ſhall vnderſtand.  
But ſtaie Madame, here comes the King.

Enter King *Henry*, and the Duke of *Yorke* and the Duke of *Somerſet* on both ſides of the King, whiſpering with him, and enter Duke *Humphrey*, Dame *Elnor*, the Duke of *Buckingham*, the Earle of *Salſbury*, the Earle of *Warwicke*, and the Cardinall of *VVincheſter*.

*King*. My Lords I care not who be Regent in *France*, or *Yorke*,  
or *Somerſet*, alls wonne to me.

*Yorke*. My Lord, if *Yorke* haue ill demeande himſelfe,  
Let *Somerſet* enioy his place and go to *France*.

*Somerſet*. Then whom your grace thinke worthie, let him go,  
And there be made the Regent ouer the French.

*VVarwicke*. VVhom ſoeuer you account worthie,  
*Yorke* is the vvorthieſt.

*Cardinall*. Peaſe *VVarwicke*. Giue thy betters leaue to ſpeake.

*VVar*. The Cardinals not my better in the field.

*Buc*. All in this place are thy betters farre.

*VVar*. And *Warwicke* may liue to be the beſt of all.

*Queene*. My Lord in mine opinion, it vvere beſt that *Somerſet*  
vvere Regent ouer *France*.

*Humphrey*. Madame our King is old inough himſelfe,  
To giue his anſwere vvithout your conſent.

*Queene*. If he be old inough, vvhat needs your grace  
To be Protector ouer him ſo long.



*The first part of the contention of the two famous*  
*Humphrey.* Madame I am but Protector ouer the land,  
And when it please his grace, I will resigne my charge.

*Suffolke.* Resigne it then, for since that thou wast King,  
As who is King but thee. The common state  
Doth as we see, all wholly go to wracke,  
And Millions of treasure hath bene spent,  
And as for the Regentship of *France*,  
I say *Somerſet* is more worthie then *Yorke*.

*Yorke.* Ile tell thee *Suffolke* why I am not worthie,  
Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.

*War.* And yet the worthie deeds that *Yorke* hath done,  
Should make him worthie to be honoured here.

*Suffolke.* Peace headstrong *Warwicke*.

*War.* Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?

*Suffolke.* Because here is a man accusde of Treason,  
Pray God the Duke of *Yorke* do cleare himselfe.  
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.

Enter the Armourer and his man.

If it please your grace, this fellow here, hath accused his maister of  
high Treason, And his words were these.

That the Duke of *Yorke* was lawfull heire vnto the Crowne, and  
that your grace was an vsurper.

*Yorke.* I beseech your grace let him haue what punishment the  
the law will afford, for his villany.

*King.* Come hether fellow, didst thou speake these words?

*Armour.* Ant shall please your Maiestie, I neuer said any such  
matter, Cod is my vvitnessse, I am falsly accused by this villain

*Peter.* Tis no matter for that, you did say so. (here.

*Yorke.* I beseech your grace, let him haue the law.

*Armour.* Alasse my Lord, hang me if euer I spake the vvords,  
my accuser is my prentise, & vvhen I did correct him for his  
fault the other day, he did vovv vpon his knees that he vvould  
be euen vvith me, I haue good vvitnessse of this, and therefore  
I beseech your Maiestie do not cast avvay an honest man for  
a villaines accusation.

*King.* Vnckle *Gloster*, vvhat do you thinke of this?

*Humphrey.*



*Houſes, of Yorke and Lancaſter.*

*Humphrey.* The lavv my Lord is this by caſe, it reſts ſuſpicious,  
That a day of combat be appointed,  
And there to trie each others right or vvrong,  
Which ſhall be on the thirtith of this month,  
With *Eben* ſtaues, and *Standbags* combatting  
In Smythfield, before your Royall Maieſtie.

*Exet Humphrey.*

*Armour.* And I accept the Combat vvillingly.

*Peter.* Alasse my Lord, I am not able to fight.

*Suffolke.* You muſt either fight firra or elſe be hangde:  
Go take them hence againe to priſon. *Exet vvith them.*

The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hits the Duches of  
*Gloſter*, a boxe on the eare.

*Queene.* Giue me my gloue, Why Minion can you not ſee?  
She ſtrikes her.

I cry you mercy Madame, I did miſtake,  
I did not thinke it had bene you.

*Elnor.* Did you not proud French-vvoman,  
Could I come neare your daintie viſſage vvith my nayles,  
Ide ſet my ten commandments in your face.

*King.* Be patient gentle Aunt.  
It vvas againſt her vvill.

*Elnor.* Againſt her vvill. Good King ſheeſe dandle thee,  
If thou vvilt alvvaies thus be rulde by her.  
But let it reſt. As ſure as I do liue,  
She ſhall not ſtrike dame *Elnor* vnreuengde.

*Exet Elnor.*

*King.* Belceue me my loue, thou vvart much to blame,  
I vvould not for a thouſand pounds of gold,  
My noble vnckle had bene here in place.

*Enter Duke Humphrey.*

But ſee vvhere he comes, I am glad he met her not.  
Vnckle *Gloſter*, vvhat anſvere makes your grace  
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of *France*,  
Whom thinks your grace is meeteſt for to ſend.

*Humphrey.*

*The first part of the contention of the two famous  
Humphrey.* My gracious Lord, then this is my resolute,  
For that these words the Armourer should speake,  
Doth breed suspicion on the part of *Yorke*,  
Let *Somerſet* be Regent ouer the French,  
Till trials made, and *Yorke* may cleare himſelfe.

*King.* Then be it ſo my Lord of *Somerſet*.  
We make your grace Regent ouer the French,  
And to defend our rights gainſt forraine foes,  
And ſo do good vnto the Realme of *France*.  
Make haſt my Lord, tis time that you were gone,  
The time of Truſe I thinke is full expirde.

*Somerſet.* I humbly thanke your royall Maieſtie,  
And take my leaue to poſte with ſpeed to *France*.

*Exet Somerſet.*

*King.* Come vnckle *Gloſter*, now lets haue our horſe,  
For we will to Saint Albones preſently,  
Madame your Hawke they ſay, is ſwift of flight,  
And we will trie how ſhe will flie to day.

*Exet omnes.*

Enter *Elnor*, with ſir *Iohn Hum*, *Roger Bullenbrooke* a Coniurer,  
and *Margery Iourdain* a Witch.

*Elnor.* Here ſir *Iohn*, take this ſcrole of paper here,  
Wherein is writ the queſtions you ſhall aſke,  
And I will ſtand vpon this Tower here,  
And here the ſpirit what it ſaies to you,  
And to my queſtions, write the anſweres downe.

She goes vp to the Tower.

*Sir Iohn.* Now ſirs begin and caſt your ſpels about,  
And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,  
And tell Dame *Elnor* of the thing ſhe aſkes.

*Witch.* Then *Roger Bullinbrooke* about thy taſke,  
And frame a Circle here vpon the earth,  
Whilſt I thereon all proſtrate on my face,  
Do talke and whiſper with the diuels be low,  
And coniure them for to obey my will.

She lies downe vpon her face.

*Bullen*



2099  
*Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

Bullenbrooke makes a Circle.

*Bullen.* Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night,  
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,  
Send vp I charge you from *Sofetus* lake,  
The spirit *Askalon* to come to me,  
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,  
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,  
*Askalon, Assenda, Assenda.*

It thunders and lightens, and then the spirit  
riseth vp.

*Spirit.* Now *Bullenbrooke* what wouldst thou haue me do?

*Bullen.* First of the King, what shall become of him?

*Spirit.* The Duke yet liues that *Henry* shall depose,  
But him out liue, and dye a violent death.

*Bullen.* What fate awayt the Duke of *Suffolke*.

*Spirit.* By water shall he die and take his ende.

*Bullen.* What shall betide the Duke of *Somerset*?

*Spirit.* Let him shun Castles, safer shall he be vpon the sandie  
plaines, then where Castles mounted stand.

Now question me no more, for I must hence againe.

He sinkes downe againe.

*Bullen.* Then downe I say, vnto the damned poule.

Where Pluto in his fire Waggon sits.

Ryding amidst the singde and parched smoakes,

The Rode of *Dyas* by the Riuer Stykes,

There howle and burne for euer in those flames,

Rise *Iordaine* rise, and staie thy charming Spels.

Sonnes, we are betraide.

Enter the Duke of *Yorke*, and the Duke of  
*Buckingham*, and others.

*Yorke.* Come firs, laie hands on them, and bind them sure,  
This time was well watcht. What Madame are you there?  
This will be great credit for your husband,  
That your are plotting Treasons thus with Cuniurers,  
The King shall haue notice of this thing.

*Exet Elnor aboue.*

*Buc.* See here my Lord what the diuell hath writ.

*Yorke.* Give it me my Lord, Ile show it to the King.

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison.

*Exet with them.*

*Bucking.* My Lord, I pray you let me go post vnto the King,  
Vnto S. Albones, to tell this newes.

*Yorke.* Content. Away then, about it straight.

*Buck.* Farewell my Lord.

*Exet Buckingham.*

*Yorke.* Whose within there?

*Enter one.*

*One.* My Lord.

*Yorke.* Sirrha, go will the Earles of Salisbury and Warwicke, to  
sup with me to night.

*Exet Yorke.*

*One.* I will my Lord.

*Exet.*

*Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist,  
and Duke Humphrey and Suffolke, and the Cardi-  
nall, as if they came from hawking.*

*Queene.* My Lord, how did your grace like this last sight?  
But as I cast her off the winde did rise,  
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone out.

*King.* How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,  
Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,  
Vnckle Gloster, how hie your Hawke did fore?  
And on a sodaine soust the Partridge downe.

*Suffolke.* No maruell if it please your Maiestie  
My Lord Protectors Hawke done towre so well,  
He knowes his maister loues to be aloft.

*Humphrey.* Faith my Lord, it is but a base minde  
That can fore no higher then a Falkons pitch.

*Card.* I thought your grace would be about the cloudes.

*Humph.* I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good  
Your grace could flie to heauen.

*Card.* Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beat on  
a Crowne, proude Protector dangerous Peere, to smooth it thus  
with King and common-wealth.

*Humphrey.* How now my Lord, why this is more then needs,  
Church-men so hote. Good vnckle can you doate.

*Suffolke.* Why not Hauing so good a quarrell & so bad a cause.

*Humphrey.*



*Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Humphrey.* As how, my Lord?

*Suffolke.* As you, my Lord, And it like your Lordly  
Lords Protectorship.

*Humphrey.* Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence.

*Queene.* And thy ambition Gloster.

*King.* Cease gentle Queene, and whet not on these furious  
Lords to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on  
earth..

*Card..* Let me be blessed for the peace I make,  
Against this proud Protector with my sword.

*Humphrey.* Faith holy vnckle, I would it were come to that,

*Cardinall.* Euen when thou darest.

*Humphrey.* Dare. I tell thee Priest, Plantagenets could neuer  
brooke the dare.

*Card.* I am Plantagenet as well as thou, and sonne to Iohn of  
Gaunt.

*Humph.* In Bastardie.

*Cardin.* I scorne thy words.

*Humph.* Make vp no factious numbers, but euen in thine own  
person meete me at the East end of the groue.

*Card.* Heres my hand, I will.

*King.* Why how now Lords?

*Card.* Faith Cousin Gloster, had not your man cast off so soone,  
we had had more sport to day, Come with thy swoord  
and buckler.

*Humphrey.* Faith Priest, Ile shaue your Crowne.

*Cardinall.* Protector, protect thy selfe well.

*King.* The wind growes high, so doth your chollour Lords.

Enter one crying, A miracle, a miracle.

How now, now sirrha, what miracle is it?

*One.* And it please your grace, there is a man that came blinde  
to S. Albones, and hath receiued his sight at his shrine.

*King.* Goe fetch him hither, that wee may glorifie the Lord  
with him.

Enter the Maior of Saint Albones and his brethren with  
Musicke, bearing the man that had bene blind,  
betweene two in a chaire.

*King.* Thou happie man, giue God eternall praise,

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

For he it is, that thus hath helped thee.

*Humphrey.* Where wast thou borne?

*Poore man.* At *Barwicke* sir, in the North.

*Humph.* At *Barwicke*, and come thus far for helpe.

*Poore man.* I sir, it was told me in my sleepe,  
That sweet faint *Albones*, should giue me my sight againe.

*Humphrey.* What art thou lame too?

*Poore man.* I indeed sir, God helpe me.

*Humphrey.* How cam'st thou lame?

*Poore man.* With falling off on a plum-tree.

*Humph.* Wart thou blind & wold cline plumtrees?

*Poore man.* Neuer but once sir in all my life,  
My wife did long for plums.

*Humph.* But tell me, wart thou borne blinde?

*Poore man.* I truly sir.

*Woman.* I indeed sir, he was borne blinde.

*Humphrey.* What art thou his mother?

*Woman.* His wife sir.

*Humphrey.* Hadst thou bene his mother,  
Thou couldst haue better told.

Why let me see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.

*Poore man.* Yes truly maister, as cleare, as day.

*Humphrey.* Saist thou so. What colours his cloake?

*Poore man.* Why red maister, as red as blood.

*Humphrey.* And his cloake?

*Poore man.* Why thats greene.

*Humphrey.* And what colour's his hose?

*Poore man.* Yellow maister, yellow as gold.

*Humphrey.* And what colours my gowne?

*Poore man.* Blacke sir, as blacke as Ieat.

*King.* Then belike he knowes what colour Ieat is on.

*Suffolke.* And yet I thinke Ieat did he neuer see.

*Humph.* But cloakes and gownes ere this day many a  
But tell me sirrha, whats my name? (one.

*Poore man.* Alasse maister I know not.

*Humphrey.* Whats his name?

*Poore man.* I know not.

*Humphrey.* Nor his?



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*Poore man.* No truly sir.

*Humphrey* Nor his name?

*Poore man.* No indeed maister.

*Humphrey* Whats thine owne name?

*Poore man.* Sander, and it please you maister.

*Humphrey.* Then Sander sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst bene born blind, thou mightest aswell haue knowne all our names, as thus to name the seuerall colours we doo weare. Sight may distinguish of colours, but sodeinly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My Lords, saint Albones here hath done a Miracle, and would you not thinke his cunning to be great, that could restore this Cripple to his legs againe.

*Poore man.* Oh maister I would you could.

*Humphrey.* My Maisters of saint Albones,  
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,  
And things called whippes?

*Mayor.* Yes my Lord, if it please your grace.

*Humph.* Then send for one presently.

*Mayor.* Sirrha, go fetch the Beadle hither straight,

*Exet one.*

*Humph.* Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by.  
Now sirrha, If you meane to saue your selfe from whipping,  
Leape me ouer this stoole and runne away.

*Enter Beadle.*

*Poore man.* Alasse maister I am not able to stand alone,  
You go about to torture me in vaine.

*Humph.* Well sir, we must haue you finde your legges.  
Sirrha Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that same stoole.

*Beadle.* I will my Lord, come on sirrha, off with your doublet  
quickly.

*Poore man.* Alas maister what shall I do, I am not able to stand.  
After the Beadle hath hit him one girke, he leapes ouer  
the stoole and runnes away, and they run after him,  
crying, A miracle, a miracle.

*Hump.* A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, & whipt  
through euery Market Towne til he comes at Barwicke where he  
was borne.

*Mayor.* It shall be done my Lord.

*Exet Mayor.*

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

*Suffolke.* My Lord Protector hath done wonders to day,  
He hath made the blinde to see, and halt to go.

*Humph.* I but you did greater wonders, when you made whole  
Dukedomes flie in a day.

*Witnesse France.*

*King.* Haue done I say, and let me here no more of that.

*Enter the Duke of Buckingham.*

What newes brings Duke Humprey of Buckingham?

*Buck.* Ill newes for some my Lord, and this it is,  
That proud dame Elnor our Protectors wife,  
Hath plotted Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,  
By vichcrafts, forceries, and cuniurings,  
Who by such meanes did raise a spirit vp,  
To tell her what hap should betide the state,  
But ere they had finisht their diuellish drift,  
By Yorke and my selfe they were all surprisde,  
And heres the answere the diuel did make to them.

*King.* First of the King, what shall become of him?

*Reads.* The Duke yet liues, that Henry shal depose,  
Yet him out liue, and die a violent death.  
Gods will be done in all.

What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?

By water shall he die and take his end.

*Suffolke.* By water must the Duke of Suffolke die?  
It must be so, or else the diuel doth lie.

*King.* Let Somerset shun Castles,  
For safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines,  
Then where Castles mounted stand.

*Card.* Heres good stufte, how novv my Lord Protector  
This newes I thinke hath turnde your weapons point,  
I am in doubt youle scarssly keepe your promise.

*Humphrey.* Forbeare ambitious Prelate to vrge my grieve,  
And pardon me my gracious Soueraigne,  
For here I svveare vnto your Maiestie,  
That I am guiltlesse of these hainous crimes  
Which my ambitious vvife hath falsly done,  
And for she vvould betraie her soueraigne Lord,  
I here renounce her from my bed and boord,



And leaue her open for the law to iudge,  
Vnlesse she cleare her selfe of this foule deed.

*King.* Come my Lords this night vveele lodge in *S. Albones,*  
And to morrov vve vwill ride to London,  
And trie the vtmost of these Treasons forth,  
Come vnckle Gloster along vvith vs,  
My mind doth tell me thou art innocent.

*Exet omnes.*

Enter the Duke of *Yorke*, and the Earles of  
*Salsbury* and *VVarwicke.*

*Yorke.* My Lords our simple supper ended, thus,  
Let me reueale vnto your honours here,  
The right and title of the house of *Yorke*,  
To Englands Crowne by liniall descent.

*VVar.* Then *Yorke* begin, and if thy claime be good,  
The Neuils are thy subiects to command.

*Yorke.* Then thus my Lords.  
Edward the third had seuen sonnes,  
The first vvas Edvard the blacke Prince,  
Prince of Wales.  
The second vvas Edmund of Langly,  
Duke of *Yorke.*  
The third vvas Lyonell Duke of Clarence.  
The fourth vvas Iohn of Gaunt,  
The Duke of Lancaster.  
The fifth vvas Roger Mortemor, Earle of March.  
The sixt vvas sir Thomas of Woodstocke.  
William of Winfore vvas the seuenth and last.

Novv, Edvard the blacke Prince he died before his father, and left  
behinde him Richard, that aftervvards vvas King, Crownde by  
the name of Richard the second, and he died vvithout an heire.  
Edmund of Langly Duke of *Yorke* died, and left behind him two  
daughters, Anne and Elinor.

Lyonell Duke of Clarence died, and left behinde Alice, Anne,  
and Elinor, that vvas after married to my father, and by her I  
claime the Crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell Duke  
of

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

of Clarence, the third sonne to Edward the third. Now fir. In the time of Richards raigne, Henry of Bullingbrooke, sonne and heire to John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancanster fourth sonne to Edward the third, he claime the Crowne, deposde the Merthfull King, and as both you know, in Pomphret Castle harmeleffe Richard was shamefully murthered, and so by Richards death came the house of Lancaster vnto the Crowne.

*Salis.* Sauiing your tale my Lord, as I haue heard, in the raigne of Bullenbrooke, the Duke of Yorke did claime the Crowne, and but for Owin Glendor, had bene King.

*Yorke.* True. But so it fortun'd then, by meanes of that monstrous rebel Glendor, the noble Duke of York was done to death, and so euer since the heires of John of Gaunt haue possessed the Crowne. But if the issue of the elder should sucseed before the issue of the yonger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the kingdome.

*Warwicke.* What plaine proceedings can be more plaine, hee claimes it from Lyonel Duke of Clarence, the third sonne to Edward the third, and Henry from John of Gaunt the fourth sonne. So that till Lyonels issue failes, his should not raigne. It failes not yet, but florisheth in thee & in thy sons, braue slips of such a stock. Then noble father, kneele we both together, and in this priuate place, be we the first to honor him with birthright to the Crowne.

*Both.* Long liue Richard Englands royall King.

*Yorke.* I thanke you both. But Lords I am not your King, vntil this sword be sheathed euen in the hart blood of the house of Lancaster.

*War.* Then Yorke aduise thy selfe and take thy time, Claime thou the Crowne, and set thy standard vp, And in the same aduance the milke-white Rose, And then to gard it, will I rouse the Beare, Inuiron'd with ten thousand Ragged-staues To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right, Maugre the proudest Lord of Henries blood, That dares deny the right and claime of Yorke, For why my minde presageth I shall liue To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a King.

*Yorke.* Thanks noble Warwicke, and Yorke doth hope to see, The Earle of Warwicke, heere to be the greatest man in England.



*Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

but the King. Come lets goe.

*Exet omnes.*

Enter King *Henry*, and the Queene, Duke *Humphrey*, the Duke of *Suffolke*, and the Duke of *Buckingham*, the Cardinall, and Dame *Elnor Cobham*, led with the Officers, and then enter to them the Duke of *Yorke*, and the Earles of *Salsbury* and *VVarwicke*.

*King*. Stand foorth Dame *Elnor Cobham* Duches of Gloster, and here the sentence pronounced against thee for these Treasons, that thou hast committed gainst vs, our States and Peeres.

First for thy hainous crimes, thou shalt two daies in London do penance barefoote in the streetes, with a white sheete about thy bodie, and a waxe Taper burning in thy hand. That done, thou shalt be banished for euer into the Ile of Man, there to end thy wretched daies, and this is our sentence erreuocable. Away with her.

*Elnor*. Euen to my death, for I haue liued too long.

*Exet some with Elnor.*

*King*. Greeue not noble vnckle, but be thou glad, In that these Treasons thus are come to light, Least God had pourde his vengeance on thy head, For her offences that thou heldst so deare.

*Humph*. Oh gracious *Henry*, giue me leaue awhile, To leaue your grace, and to depart away, For sorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart, And makes the fountaines of mine eyes to swell, And therefore good my Lord, let me depart.

*King*. With all my hart good vnkle, when you please, Yet ere thou goest, *Humphrey* resigne thy staffe, For *Henry* will be no more protected, The Lord shall be my guide both for my land and me.

*Humph*. My staffe, I noble *Henry*, my life and all, My staffe, I yeeld as willing to be thine, As erst thy noble father made it mine, And euen as willing at thy feete I leaue it, As others would ambitiously receiue it, And long hereafter when I am dead and gone,

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

May honourable peace attend thy throne.

*King.* Vnkle Gloster, stand vp and go in peace,  
No lesse beloued of vs, then when  
Thou weart Protector ouer my land.

*Exet Gloster.*

*Queene.* Take vp the staffe, for here it ought to stand,  
Where should it be, but in King Henries hand?

*Yorke.* Please it your Maiestie, this is the day  
That was appointed for the combating  
Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,  
And they are readie when your grace doth please.

*King.* Then call them forth, that they may trie their rightes.

Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking  
to him so much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum  
before him, and his staffe with a sand-bag fastened to it, and  
at the other doore, his man with a drum and sand-bagge, and  
Prentises drinking to him.

1. *Neighbor.* Here neighbor Hornor, I drinke to you in a cup of  
And feare not neighbor, you shall do well inough. (Sacke.

2. *Neigh.* And here neighbor, heres a cup of Charneco.

3. *Neigh.* Heres a pot of good double beere, neighbor drinke  
And be merry, and feare not your man.

*Armourer.* Let it come, yfaith ile pledge you all,  
And a figge for Peter.

1. *Prentise.* Here Peter I drinke to thee, and be not affeard.

2. *Pren.* Here Peter, heres a pinte of Claret-wine for thee.

3. *Pren.* And heres a quart for me, and be merry Peter,  
And feare not thy maister, fight for credit of the Prentises.

*Peter.* I thanke you all, but ile drinke no more,  
Here Robin, and if I die, here I giue thee my hammer,  
And Will, thou shalt haue my aterne, and here Tom,  
Take all the mony that I haue.

O Lord blesse me, I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale with  
my maister, he hath learnt so much fence alreadie.

*Salb.* Come leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.  
Sirrha, whats thy name?

*Petr.* Peter forsooth.

*Salbury.* Peter, what more?

*Peter.*



*Houses, of Torke and Lancaster.*

*Peter. Thumpe.*

*Salsbury.* Thumpe, then see that thou thumpe thy maister.

*Armour.* Heres to thee neighbour, fill all the pots again, for before we fight, looke you, I will tell you my minde, for I am come hither as it were of my mans insligation, to proue my selfe an honest man, and Peter a knaue, and so haue at you Peter with down-right blowes, as Beuys of South-hampton fell vpon Askapart.

*Peter.* Law you now, I told you hees in his fence alreadie.

Alarmes, and Peter hits him on the head and fels him.

*Armour.* Hold Peter, I confesse, Treason, treason. (He dies,

*Peter.* O God I giue thee praise. He kneeles downe.

*Pren.* Ho well done Peter. God saue the King.

*King.* Go take hence that Traitor from our sight,  
For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,  
And God in iustice hath reualde to vs,  
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,  
Which he had thought to haue murdered wrongfully.  
Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward.

*Exet omnis.*

Enter Duke *Humphrey* and his men, in  
mourning cloakes.

*Humph.* Sirrha, whats a clocke?

*Seruing.* Almost ten my Lord.

*Humph.* Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,  
That my poore Lady should come by this way,  
In shamefull penance wandring in the streetes,  
Sweete Nell, ill can thy noble minde abrooke,  
The abiect people gazing on thy face,  
With enuious lookes laughing at thy shame,  
That earst did follow thy proud Chariot wheelles,  
When thou didst ride in tryumph through the streetes.

Enter Dame *Elnor Cobham* bare-foote, and a white sheete about  
her, with a waxe candle in her hand, and verses written on  
her backe and pind on, and accompanied with the Sheriffes  
of London, and Sir *John Standly*, and Officers, with billes and  
holbards.

*Seruing.* My gracious Lord, see where my Lady comes,  
Please it your grace, weele take her from the Sheriffes?

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

*Humph.* I charge you for your liues stir not a foote,  
Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,  
But let them do their office as they should.

*Elnor.* Come you my Lord to see my open shame?  
Ah Gloster, now thou doest penance too,  
See how the giddie people looke at thee,  
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,  
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,  
And in thy pent vp studie rue my shame,  
And ban thine enemies, Ah mine and thine.

*Hum.* Ah Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreme grief,  
And beare it patiently to ease thy heart.

*Elnor.* Ah Gloster teach me to forget my selfe,  
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,  
Then thought of this, doth kill my wofull heart.  
The ruthlesse flints do cut my tender feete,  
And when I start the cruell people laugh,  
And bids me be aduised how I tread,  
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,  
Malde vp in shame with papers on my backe,  
Ah, Gloster, can I endure this and liue.  
Sometime ile say I am Duke *Humphreys* wife,  
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,  
But so he rulde, and such a Prince he was,  
As he stood by, whilst I his forelorne Duches  
Was led with shame, and made a laughing stocke,  
To euery idle rascald follower.

*Humphrey.* My louely Nell, what wouldst thou haue me do?  
Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,  
I should incurre the danger of the law,  
And thy disgrace would not be shadowed so.

*Elnor.* Be thou milde, and stir not at my disgrace,  
Vntill the axe of death hang ouer thy head,  
As shortly sure it will. For Suffolke he,  
The new made Duke, that may do all in all  
With her that loues him so, and hates vs all,  
And impious Yorke and Bewford that false Priest,  
Haue all lymde bushes to betraie thy wings,

And



*Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

And fie thou how thou can they will intangle thee.

Enter a Herald of Armes.

*Herald.* I summon your Grace, vnto his highnesse Parliament holden at saint Edmunds-Bury, the first of the next month.

*Humphrey.* A Parliament and our consent neuer craide Therein before. This is sodeine.

Well, we will be there.

*Exet. Herald.*

Maister Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further against my Lady, then the course of law extendes.

*Sheriffe.* Please it your grace, my office here doth end, And I must deliuer her to sir Iohn Standly, To be conducted into the Ile of Man.

*Humphrey.* Must you sir Iohn conduct my Lady?

*Standly.* I my gracious Lord, for so it is decreede, And I am so commanded by the King.

*Humph.* I pray you sir Iohn, vse her neare the worse, In that I intreat you to vse her well.

The world may smile againe and I may liue, To do you fauour if you do it her, And so sir Iohn farewell.

*Elnor.* What gone my Lord, and hid not me farwell.

*Humph.* Witnesse my bleeding heart, I cannot stay to speake.

*Exet Humphrey and his men.*

*Elnor.* Then is he gone, is noble Closter gone, And doth Duke Humphrey now forsake me too? Then let me haste from out faire Englands boundes, Come Standly come, and let vs haste away.

*Standly.* Madam lets go vnto some house hereby, Where you may shift your selfe before we go.

*Elnor.* Ah good sir Iohn, my shame cannot be hid, Nor put away with casting off my sheete: But come let vs go, maister Sheriffe farewell, Thou hast but done thy office as thou shoulst.

*Exet omnes.*

Enter to the Parliament.

Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of Buckingham, and the

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

Duke of Suffolke, and then the Duke of Yorke, and the Cardinall of Vinchestre, and then the King and the Queene, and then the Earle of Salisbury, and the Earle of Warwicke.

*King.* I wonder our vnkle Gloster staies so long.

*Queene.* Can you not see, or will you not perceiue,  
How that ambitious Duke doth vse himselfe?  
The time hath bene, but now that time is past,  
That none so humble as Duke Humphrey was:  
But now let one meete him euen in the morne,  
When euery one will giue the time of day,  
And he will neither moue nor speake to vs.  
See you not how the Commons follow him  
In troupes, crying, God saue the good Duke Humphrey;  
And with long life, Iesus preserue his grace,  
Honouring him as if he were their King.  
Gloster is no litle man in England,  
And if he list to stir commotions,  
Tys likely that the people will follow him.  
My Lord, if you imagine there is no such thing,  
Then let it passe, and call it a womans feare.  
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,  
Disproue my Alligations if you can,  
And by your speeches, if you can reprove me,  
I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the Duke.

*Suffol.* Well hath your grace foreseen into that Duke,  
And if I had bene licenst first to speake,  
I thinke I should haue told your graces tale.  
Smooth runs the brooke whereas the streame is deepest.  
No, no, my soueraigne, Gloster is a man  
Vnsounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Enter the Duke of Somerset.

*King.* Welcome Lord Somerset, what newes from France?

*Somer.* Cold newes my Lord, and this it is,  
That all your holds and Townes within those Territories  
Is ouercome my Lord, all is lost.

*King.*



*Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

*King.* Cold newes indeed Lord Somersfet,  
But Gods will be done.

*Yorke.* Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,  
Euen as I haue of fertill England.

Enter Duke *Humphrey.*

*Hum.* Pardon my liege, that I haue staid so long.

*Suffol.* Nay, Gloster know, that thou art come too soone,  
Vnlesse thou proue more loyall then thou art,  
We do arrest thee on high treason here.

*Humph.* Why Suffolkes Duke thou shalt not see me blush  
Nor change my countenance for thine arrest,  
Whereof am I guiltie, who are my accusers?

*Yorke.* Tis thought my lord, your grace tooke bribes from France,  
And stopt the soldiers of their paie,  
By which his Maiestie hath lost all France.

*Humph.* Is it but thought so, and who are they that thinke so?  
So God helpe me, as I haue watcht the night  
Euer intending good for England still,  
That penie that euer I tooke from France,  
Be brought against me at the iudgement day.  
I neuer robd the soldiers of their paie,  
Many a pound of mine owne proper cost  
Haue I sent ouer for the soldiers wants,  
Because I would not racke the needie Commons.

*Car.* In your Protectorship you did deuise  
Strange torments for offenders, by which meanes  
England hath bene defamde by tyrannie.

*Hum.* Why tis wel knowne that whilst I was protector  
Pitie was all the fault that was in me,  
A murtherer or foule felonous theefe,  
That robs and murthers silly passengers,  
I tortord aboue the rate of common law.

*Suffolk.* Tush my Lord, these be things of no account,  
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,  
I do arrest thee on high treason here,  
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,  
Vntill such time as thou canst cleare thy selfe.

*King.* Good vnkle obey to his arrest,

I haue

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

I haue no doubt but thou shalt cleare thy selfe,  
My conscience tels me thou art innocent.

*Hump.* Ah gracious Henry these daies are dangerous,  
And would my death might end these miseries,  
And staie their moodes for good King Henries sake,  
But I am made the Prologue to their plaie,  
And thousands more must follow after me,  
That dreads not yet their liues destruction.  
Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his harts malice,  
Bewfords fire eyes shoves his enuious minde,  
Buckinghams proud lookes bewraies his cruel thoughts,  
And dogged Yorke that leuels at the Moone  
Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe.  
All you haue ioynd to betraie me thus:  
And you my gracious Lady and soueraigne mistresse,  
Causelesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,  
I shall not want false witnesses inough,  
That so amongst you, you may haue my life.  
The Prouerbe no doubt will be well performde,  
A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.

*Suffolke.* Doth he not twit our soueraigne Lady here,  
As if that she with ignomious wrong,  
Had sobornde or hired some to sweare against his life.

*Queene.* I but I can giue the loser leaue to speake.

*Humph.* Far truer spoke then ment, I loose indeed,  
Bethrovv the vwinners hearts, they plaie me false.

*Buck.* Hele vvrest the sence and keep vs here all day,  
My Lord of Winchester, see him sent avway.

*Car.* Who's vvithin there? Take in Duke Humphrey,  
And see him garded sure vvithin my house.

*Humph.* O! thus King Henry casts avway his crouch,  
Before his legs can beare his bodie vp,  
And puts his vvatchfull shepheard from his side,  
Whilst vvolumes stand snarring vvho shall bite him first.  
Farvvell my soueraigne, long maist thou enioy,  
Thy fathers happie daies free from annoy.

*Exet Humphrey, vvith the Cardinals men.*

*King.* My Lords what to your vvifdoms shal seem best,



*Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

Do and vndo as if our selfe were here.

*Queen.* What wil your highnesse leaue the Parliament?

*King.* I Margaret. My heart is kild with grieffe,  
Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse mone,  
For who's a Traitor, Gloster he is none.

*Exet King, Salisbury, and VVarmicke.*

*Queene.* Then sit we downe againe my Lord Cardinall,  
Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke, and Somersfet.

Let vs consult of proud Duke Humphries fall.

In mine opinion it were good he dide,

For safetie of our King and Common-wealth.

*Suffolke.* And so thinke I Madame, for as you know,

If our King Henry had shooke hands with death,

Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King:

And it may be by pollicie he workes,

To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt,

The Foxe barks not when he would steale the Lambe,

But if we take him ere he do the deed,

We should not question if that he should liue.

No. Let him die, in that he is a Foxe,

Least that in liuing he offend vs more.

*Car.* Then let him die before the Commons know,  
For feare that they do rise in Armes for him.

*Yorke.* Then do it sodainly my Lords.

*Suffol.* Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine.

*Car.* Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house,

Enter a Messenger.

*Queene.* How now sirrha, what newes?

*Messen.* Madame I bring you newes from Ireland,  
The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in Armes,  
With troupes of Irish Kernes that vncontrold,  
Doth plant themselves within the English pale.

*Queene.* What redresse shal we haue for this my Lorde

*Yorke.* Twere very good that my Lord of Somersfet  
That fortunate Champion were sent ouer,  
And burnes and spoiles the Country as they goe.

E

T.

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

To keepe in awe the stubborne Irishmen,  
He did so much good when he was in France.

*Somer.* Had Yorke bene there with all his far fetcht  
Pollices, he might haue lost as much as I.

*Yorke.* I, for Yorke would haue lost his life before  
That France should haue reuolted from Englands rule.

*Somer.* I so thou might'st, and yet haue gouerned worse then I.

*Yorke.* What worse then nought, then a shame take all.

*Somer.* Shame on thy selfe, that wisheth shame.

*Queene.* Somerset forbear, good Yorke be patient,  
And do thou take in hand to crosse the seas,  
With troupes of Armed men to quell the pride  
Of those ambitious Irish that rebell.

*Yorke.* Well Madame sith your grace is so content,  
Let me haue some bands of chosen soldiers,  
And Yorke shall trie his fortune against those kernes.

*Queene.* Yorke thou shalt. My Lord of Buckingham,  
Let it be your charge to muster vp such souldiers  
As shall suffice him in these needfull warres.

*Buck.* Madame I will, and leaue such a band  
As soone shall ouercome those Irish Rebels,  
But Yorke, where shall those soldiers staie for thee?

*Yorke.* At Bristow, I wil expect them ten daies hence.

*Buc.* Then thither shall they come, and so farewell.

*Exet Buckingham.*

*Yorke.* Adieu my Lord of Buckingham.

*Queene.* Suffolke remember what you haue to do,  
And you Lord Cardinall concerning Duke Humphrey,  
Twere good that you did see to it in time,  
Come let vs go, that it may be performde.

*Exet omnis, Manit Yorke.*

*Yorke.* Now York bethink thy self and rowse thee vp,  
Take time whilst it is offered thee so faire,  
Least when thou wouldst, thou canst it not attaine,  
Twas men I lackt, and now they giue them me,  
And now whilst I am busie in Ireland,  
I haue seduste a headstrong Kentishman,  
John Cade of Ashford,



Vnder the title of Iohn Mortemer,  
To raise commotion, and by that meanes  
I shall perceiue how the common people  
Do affect the claime and house of Yorke,  
Then if he haue successe in his affaires,  
From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,  
To reape the haruest which that coystrill sowed,  
Now if he should be taken and condemnd,  
Heele nere confesse that I did set him on,  
And therefore ere I go ile send him word,  
To put in practise and to gather head,  
That so soone as I am gone he may begin  
To rise in Armes with troupes of country swaines,  
To helpe him to performe this enterprise.  
And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away,  
None then can stop the light to Englands Crowne,  
But Yorke can tame and headlong pull them downe.

*Exet Yorke.*

Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke *Humphrey* is discovered  
in his bed, and two men lying on his brest and smothering him  
in his bed. And then enter the Duke of *Suffolke* to them.

*Suffolk.* How now sirs, what haue you dispatcht him?

*One.* I my Lord, hees dead I warrant you.

*Suffolke.* Then see the cloathes laid smooth about him still,  
That when the King comes, he may perceiue  
No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.

2. All things is handsome now my Lord.

*Suffolke.* Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gone,  
And you shall haue your firme reward anon.

*Exet murderers.*

Then enter the King and Queene, the Duke of *Buckingham*, and  
the Duke of *Somerset*, and the Cardinall.

*King.* My Lord of *Suffolke* go call our vnkle *Gloster*,  
Tell him this day we will that he do cleare himselfe.

*Suffolke.* I will my Lord.

*Exet Suffolke.*

*(Gloster,*

*King.* And good my Lords proceed no further against our vnkle

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

Then by iust prooffe you can affirme,  
For as the sucking childe or harmlesse lambe,  
So is he innocent of treason to our state,

*Enter Suffolke.*

How now Suffolke, where's our vnkle?

*Suffolke.* Dead in his bed, my Lord Gloster is dead.

*The King fallies in a sound.*

*Queen.* Ay-me, the King is dead: help, help, my Lords.

*Suffolke.* Comfort my Lord, gracious Henry comfort.

*King.* What doth my Lord of Suffolke bid me comfort?

Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,

And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,

By crying comfort through a hollow voice,

Can satisfie my griefes, or ease my heart:

Thou balefull messenger out of my sight,

For euen in thine eye-balls murther sits,

Yet do not goe. Come Basaliske

And kill the silly gazer with thy lookes.

*Queene.* Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,

As if that he had causde Duke Humphreys death?

The Duke and I too, you know were enemies,

And you had best say that I did murther him.

*King.* Ah woe is me, for wretched Glosters death.

*Queene.* Be woe for me more wretched then he was,

What doest thou turne away and hide thy face?

I am no loathsome leoper looke on me,

Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the sea,

And thrise by aukward winds driuen back from Englands bounds,

What might it bode, but that well foretelling

Winds, said; seeke not a scorpions neast.

*Enter the Earles of Warwicke and Salisbury.*

*War.* My Lord, the Commons like an angrie hieue of bees,

Run vp and downe, caring not whom they sting,

For good Duke Humphreys death, whom they report

To be murthered by Suffolke and the Cardinall here.

*King.* That he is dead good Warwick, is too true,

But how he died God knowes, not Henry.

*War.* Enter his priue chamber my Lord and view the bodie.

Good



*Exe. Salb. Warwicke draws the curtaines and shoves Duke*

Good father staie you with the rude multitude, till I returne.

*Salb.* I will sonne.

*Warwicke* drawes the curtaines and shoves Duke

*Humphrey* in his bed.

*King.* Ah vnkle Gloster, heauen receiue thy soule.

Earewell poore Henries ioy, now thou art gone.

*War.* Now by his soule that tooke our shape vpon him,

To free vs from his fathers dreadfull curse,

I am resolu'd that violent hands were laid,

Vpon the life of this thrise famous Duke!

*Suffolk.* A dreadfull oth sworne with a solemne tooing,

What instance giues Lord Warwicke for these words?

*War.* Oft haue I seene a timely parted ghost,

Of ashie semblance, pale and bloodlesse,

But loe the blood is settled in his face,

More better coloured then when he liu'd,

His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne,

His fingers spred abroad as one that graspt for life,

Yet was by strength surprisde, the least of these are probable,

It cannot chuse but he was murdered.

*Queene.* Suffolke and the Cardinall had him in charge,

And they I trust surare no murderers.

*War.* I, but twas well knowne they were not his friends,

And tis well seene he found some enemies.

*Card.* But haue you no greater proofes then these?

*War.* Who sees a heifer dead and bleeding fresh,

And sees hard-by a butcher with an axe,

But will suspect twas he that made the slaughter?

Who findes the partridge in the puttocks nest,

But will imagine how the bird came there,

Although the kyte soare with vnbloodie beake?

Euen so suspicious is this Tragicke.

*Queene.* Are you the kyte Bewford, where's your talants?

*Suffolke.* Is Suffolke the butcher, where's his knife?

*Suffolke.* I weare no knife to slaughter sleeping men,

But heres a vengefull sword rusted with case,

That shall be scoured in his rankorous heart,

That slanders me with murders crimson badge,

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickshire,  
That I am guiltie in Duke Humphreys death,  
*Exet Cardinal.*

*War.* What dares not Warwicke, if false Suffolke dare him?

*Queene.* He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,  
Nor cease to be an arrogant controwler,  
Though Suffolke dare him twentie hundred times.

*War.* Madame be still, with reuerence may I say it,  
That euery word you speake in his defence,  
Is slaunder to your royall Maiestie.

*Suffolke.* Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,  
If euer Lady wrongd her Lord so much,  
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,  
Some sterne vntutred churle, and noble stocke,  
Was graft with crabtree slip, whose frute thou art,  
And neuer of the Neuels noble race.

*War.* But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,  
And I should rob the deaths man of his fee,  
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,  
And that my soueraignes presence makes me mute,  
I would false murderous coward on thy knees  
Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,  
And say it was thy mother that thou means,  
That thou thy selfe was borne in bastardie,  
And after all this fearefull homage done,  
Giue thee thy hire and send thy soule to hell,  
Pernitious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

*Suffol.* Thou shouldst be waking whilst I head thy bloody  
If from this presence thou dare go with me.

*War.* Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence,  
Warwicke pulshim out.

*Exet Warwicke and Suffolke, and then all the Commons  
within cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke.  
And then enter againe, the Duke of Suffolke and the  
marke, with their weapons drawne.*

*King.* Why how now Lords.

*Suf.* The Traitorous Warwicke with the men of Berry,  
Set all vpon me mightie soueraigne.



*Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

The Commons againe cries, downe with *Suffolke*, downe with *Suffolke*. And then enter from them, the Earle of *Salbury*.

*Salb.* My Lord, the Commons sends you word by me, That vnlesse false *Suffolke* here be done to death, Or banished faire Englands Territories, That they will erre from your highnesse person, They say by him the good Duke *Humphrey* died, They say by him they feare the ruine of the realme. And therefore if you loue your subiects weale, They wish you to banish him from foorth the land.

*Suf.* Indeed tis like the Commons rude vnpolisht hinds Would send such message to their soueraigne, But you my Lord were glad to be imployd, To trie how quaint an Orator you were, But all the honour *Salsbury* hath got, Is, that he was the Lord Embassador Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

The Commons cries, an answer from the King, my Lord of *Salsbury*.

*King.* Good *Salsbury* go backe againe to them, Tell them we thanke them all for their louing care, And had I not bene cited thus by their meanes, My selfe had done it. Therefore here I sweare, If *Suffolke* be found to breathe in any place, Where I haue rule, but three daies more, he dies.

*Exet Salisbury.*  
*Queene.* Oh *Henry*, reuerse the doome of gentle *Suffolkes* banishment.

*King.* Vngentle *Queene* to call him gentle *Suffolke*, Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest, If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare, it is erreuocable. Come good *Warwicke* and go thou in with me, For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

*Exet King and Warwicke, Manet Queene and Suffolke.*

*Queene.* Hell fire and vengeance go along with you, Theres two of you, the diuell make the third,

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?

*Suffolke.* A plague vpon them, wherefore should I curse them?  
Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes groanes,  
I would inuent as many bitter termes  
Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,  
With twise so many signes of deadly hate,  
As leaue fast enuy in her loathsome caue,  
My toong should stumble in mine earnest words,  
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,  
My haire be fixt on end, as one distraught,  
And euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,  
And now me thinks my burthened hart would breake,  
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drinke,  
Gall worse then gall, the daintiest thing they taste.  
Their sweetest shade a groue of sypris trees,  
Their softest tuch as smart as lizards stings.  
Their musicke frightfull, like the serpents hys.  
And boding scrike-oules make the consort full.  
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell.

*Queene.* Inough sweete *Suffolke*, thou torments thy

*Suffolke.* You bad me ban, and will you bid me cease?  
Now by this ground that I am banisht from,  
Well could I curse away a winters night,  
And standing naked on a mountaine top,  
Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,  
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

*Queene.* No more. Sweete *Suffolke* hie thee hence to *France*,  
Or hie where thou wilt vwithin this vvorlde's globe,  
Ile haue an Irish that shall finde thee out,  
And long thou shalt not staie, but ile haue thee repelde,  
Or venture to be banished my selfe.  
Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand,  
That when thou seest it, thou maist thinke on me.  
Avvay, I say, that I may feele my griefe,  
For it is nothing vwhilt thou standest here.

*Suffolke.* Thus is poore *Suffolke* ten times banished,  
Once by the King, but three times thrise by thee.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Queene.*



*Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Queene.* How now, whither goes Vawse so fast?

*Vawse.* To signifie vnto his Maiestie,  
That Cardinall Bevvford is at point of death,  
Sometimes he raves and cries as he vvere madde,  
Sometimes he cals vpon Duke Humphries Ghost,  
And vvhispers to his pillovv as to him,  
And sometime he calles to speake vnto the King,  
And I am going to certifie vnto his grace,  
That euen now he cald aloude for him.

*Queene.* Go then good Vawse and certifie the King.

*Exit Vawse.*

Oh vvhat is vvorldly pompe, all men must die,  
And vvoe am I for Bevvfords heauie ende.  
But vvhy mourne I for him, vvilst thou art here?  
Svveete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,  
For if the King do come, thou sure must die.

*Suff.* And if I go I cannot liue: but here to die,  
What vvere it else, but like a pleasant slumber  
In thy lap?  
Here could I, could I, breath my soule into the aire,  
As milde and gentle as the nevv borne babe,  
That dies vvith mothers dugges betweene his lips,  
Where from thy sight I should be raging madde,  
And call for thee to close mine eyes,  
Or vvith thy lips to stop my dying soule,  
That I might breathe it so into thy bodie,  
And then it liu'd in svveete Elyziam,  
By thee to die, vvere but to die in ieast,  
From thee to die, vvere torment more then death,  
O let me staie, befall, vvhat may befall.

*Queene.* Oh mightst thou staie vvith safetie of thy life,  
Then shouldst thou staie, but heauens deny it,  
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repelde.

*Suff.* I goe.

*Queene.* And take my heart vvith thee.

*She kisseth him.*

*Suff.* A ieuuell lockt into the vvofulst caske,  
That euer yet containde a thing of vvooorth,

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

Thus like a splitted barke so sunder we.

This way fall I to death.

*Exat Suffolke.*

*Queene.* This way for me.

*Exet Queene.*

Enter King and *Salsbury*, and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discovered in his bed, rauiing and staring as if he were madde.

*Car.* Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare, Ile giue thee as much gold as will purchase such another Iland.

*King.* Oh see my Lord of *Salsbury* how he is troubled, Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must saue thy soule.

*Car.* Why died he not in his bed?

What would you haue me to do then?

Can I make men liue whether they will or no?

Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothicary sent me.

Oh see where duke *Humphreys* ghoast doth stand,

And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his haire,

So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

*Sal.* See how the panges of death doth gripe his heart.

*King.* Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heauenly blisse, Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs.

*The Cardinall dies.*

Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all.

Oh God forgiue his soule.

*Salb.* So bad an ende did neuer none behold, But as his death, so was his life in all.

*King.* Forbeare to iudge, good *Salsbury* forbear, For God will iudge vs all.

Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performde.

*Exet omnes.*

Alarmes within, and the chambers be discharged, like as it were a fight at sea. And then enter the Captaine of the ship and the Maister, and the Maisters Mate, & the Duke of *Suffolke* disguised, and others with him, and *Water Whickmore*.

*Cap.* Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yeeld, Vnlade their goods with speed and sincke their ship, Here Maister, this prisoner I giue to you.



other, the Maisters Mate shall haue,  
And Water Whickmore thou shalt haue this man,  
And let them paie their ransomes ere they passe.

*Suffolke.* Water! He starteth.

*Water.* How now, what doest feare me?  
Thou shalt haue better cause anon.

*Suf.* It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe.  
I do remember well, a cunning Wyssard told me,  
That by Water I should die:  
Yet let not that make thee bloudie minded.  
Thy name being rightly founded,  
Is Gualter, not Water.

*Water.* Gualter or Water, als one to me,  
I am the man must bring thee to thy death.

*Suf.* I am a Gentleman looke on my Ring,  
Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shalbe paid.

*Water.* I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,  
And therefore ere I marchantlike sell blood for gold,  
Then cast me headlong downe into the sea.

2. *Priso.* But what shall our ransomes be?

*Mai.* A hundredth pounds a piece, either paie that or die.

2. *Priso.* Then saue our liues, it shall be paid.

*Water.* Come firrha, thy life shall be the ransome  
I will haue.

*Suff.* Staie villaine, thy prisoner is a Prince,  
The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Poull.

*Cap.* The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags.

*Suf.* I fir, but these rags are no part of the Duke,  
Ioue sometime went disguise, and why not I?

*Cap.* I but Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be.

*Suf.* Base Iadie groome, King Henries blood  
The honourable blood of Lancaster,  
Cannot be shead by such a lowly swaine,  
I am sent Ambassador for the Queene to France,  
I charge thee waffe me crosse the channell safe.

*Cap.* Ile waffe thee to thy death, go Water take him hence,  
And on our long boates side, chop off his head.

*Suf.* Thou darste not for thine owne.

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

*Cap.* Yes Poull.

*Suffolke.* Poull.

*Cap.* I Poull, puddle, kennell, sinke and durt,  
Ile stop that yawning mouth of thine,  
Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the  
Queene, shall sweepe the ground, and thou that  
Smildste at good Duke Humphreys death,  
Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.

*Suffolke.* This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais,  
Threatens more plagues then mightie Abradas,  
The great Masadonian Pyrate,  
Thy words addes fury and not remorse in me.

*Cap.* I but my deeds shall staie thy fury soone.

*Suffolke.* Hast not thou waited at my Trencher,  
When we haue feasted with Queene Margret?  
Hast not thou kist thy hand and held my stirrope?  
And barehead plodded by my footecloth Mule,  
And thought thee happie when I smilde on thee?  
This hand hath writ in thy defence,  
Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lawish toong.

*Cap.* Away with him Water, I say, and off with his hed.

*1. Priso.* Good my Lord, intreat him mildly for your life.

*Suffolke.* First let this necke stoupe to the axes edge,  
Before this knee do bow to any,  
Saue to the God of heauen and to my King:  
Suffolkes imperiall toong cannot pleade  
To such a ladie groome.

*Water.* Come, come, why do we let him speake,  
I long to haue his head for raunsome of mine eye.

*Suffolk.* A Swordar and bandeto slaue,  
Murthered sweete Tully.  
Brutus bastard-hand stabde Iulius Cæsar,  
And Suffolke dies by Pyrates on the seas.

*Exet Suffolke, and Water.*

*Cap.* Off with his head, and send it to the Queene,  
And ransomelesse this prisoner shall go free,  
To see it safe deliuered vnto her.  
Come lets goe.

*Exet omnes.*

*Enter*



*Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

Enter two of the Rebels with long staves.

*George.* Come away Nick, and put a long staffe in thy pike, and prouide thy selfe, for I Can tell thee, they haue bene vp this two daies.

*Nicke.* Then they had more need to go to bed now, But firrha George whats the matter?

*George.* Why firrha, Iack Cade the Diar of Ashford here, He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap on it.

*Nicke.* I marry he had need so, for tis growne threedbare, Twas neuer merry world with vs, since these gentle men came vp.

*George.* I warrant thee, thou shalt neuer see a Lord weare a leather aperne now a-daies.

*Nicke.* But firrha, who comes more beside Iacke Cade?

*George.* Why theres Dicke the Butcher, and Robin the Sadler, and Will that came a wooing to our Nan last Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that should haue your Parnill, and a great sort more is come from Rochester, and from Maydstone, and Canterbury, and all the Townes hereabouts, and we must all be Lords or squires, asloone as Iacke Cade is King.

*Nicke.* Harke, harke, I here the Drum, they be comming.

Enter *Iacke Cade, Dicke Butcher, Robin, Vill, Tom, Harry* and the rest, with long staves.

*Cade.* Proclaime silence.

*All.* Silence.

*Cade.* I Iohn Cade so named for my valiancie.

*Dicke.* Or rather for stealing of a Cade of Sprats.

*Cade.* My father was a Mortemer.

*Nicke.* He was an honest man and a good Brick-laiier.

*Cade.* My mother came of the Brases.

*Vill.* She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, and sold many lases.

*Robin.* And now being not able to occupie her furd packe, She washeth buckes vp and downe the country.

*Cade.* Therefore I am honourably borne.

*Harry.* I for the field is honourable, for he was borne Vnder a hedge, for his father had no house but the Cage.

*Cade.* I am able to endure much.

*George.* Thats true, I know he can endure any thing, For I haue scene him whipt two market daies together.

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

*Cade.* I feare neither sword nor fire.

*Will.* He need not feare the sword, for his coate is of prooffe.

*Dicke.* But mee thinkes he should feare the fire, being so often burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe.

*Cade.* Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue, and vowes reformation: you shall haue seuen half-penny loaues for a penny, and the three hoopt pot, shall haue ten hoopes, and it shall be felony to drinke small beere, and if I be king, as king I will be.

*All.* God saue your maiestie.

*Cade.* I thanke you good people, you shall all eate and drinke of my score, and go all in my luerie, and weele haue no writing, but the score & the Tally, and there shalbe no lawes but such as comes from my mouth.

*Dicke.* We shall haue sore lawes then, for he was thrust into the mouth the other day.

*George.* I and stinking law too, for his breath stinks so, that one cannot abide it.

*Enter Will with the Clarke of Chattam.*

*Will.* Oh Captaine a pryze.

*Cade.* Whose that Will?

*Will.* The Clarke of *Chattam*, he can write and reade and cast account, I tooke him setting of boyes coppies, and hee has a booke in his pocket with red letters.

*Cade.* Sonnes, hees a coniurer bring him hither.  
Now sir, whats your name?

*Clarke.* Emanuell sir, and it shall please you.

*Dicke.* It will go hard with you, I can tell you,  
For they vse to write that oth top of letters.

*Cade.* And what do you vse to write your name?  
Or do you as auncient forefathers haue done,  
Vse the score and the Tally?

*Clarke.* Nay, true sir, I praise God I haue bene so well brought vp, that I can write mine owne name.

*Cade.* Oh hes confest, go hang him with his penny-inckhorne about his necke.

*Exet one with the Clarke.*

*Enter Tom.*

*Tom.* Captaine. Newes, newes, sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are comming with the kings power, and mean to kil vs all.

*Cade.*



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*Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Cade.* Let them come, hees but a knight is he?

*Tom.* No, no, hees but a knight.

*Cade.* Why then to equall him, ile make my selfe knight.

Kneele downe Iohn Mortemer,

Rise vp sir Iohn Mortemer.

Is there any more of them that be Knights?

*Tom.* I his brother.

He Knights Dicke Butcher.

*Cade.* Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher,

Rise vp sir Dicke Butcher.

Now sound vp the Drumme.

Enter sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother, with  
Drumme and souldiers.

*Cade.* As for these filken coated slaues I passe not a pinne,  
Tis to you good people that I speake.

*Stafford.* Why country-men, what meane you thus in troopes,  
To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade?  
Why his father was but a Brick-laier.

*Cade.* Well, and Adam was a Gardner, what then?  
But I come of the Mortemers.

*Stafford.* I, the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.

*Cade.* The Duke of York, nay, I learnt it my selfe,  
For looke you, Roger Mortemer the Earle of March,  
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

*Stafford.* Well, thats true: But what then?

*Cade.* And by her he had two children at a birth.

*Stafford.* Thats false.

*Cade.* I, but I say, tis true.

*All.* Why then tis true.

*Cade.* And one of them was stolne away by a begger-woman,  
And that was my father, and I am his sonne,  
Deny it and you can.

*Nicke.* Nay looke you, I know twas true,  
For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,  
And the bricke are alieue at this day to testifie.

*Cade.* But doest thou heare Stafford, tell the King, that for his  
fathers sake, in whose time boyes plaide at spanne-counter with  
Frenche Crownes, I am content that hee shall be King as long

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

as he liues. Marry alwaies provided, ile be Protector ouer him.

*Stafford.* O monstrous simplicitie.

*Cade.* And tell him, weele haue the Lorde Sayes head, and the Duke of Somersets, for deliuering vp the Dukedomes of Anioy and Mayne, and selling the Townes in France, by which meanes England hath bene mainde euer since, and gone as it were with a crouch, but that my puissance held it vp. And besides, they can speake French, and therefore they are traitors.

*Stafford.* As how I prethie?

*Cade.* Why the French men are our enemies be they not? And then can hee that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good subiect?

Answer me to that.

*Stafford.* Well sirrha, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings mercy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebellious deeds?

*Cade.* Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be long.

*Stafford.* Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings Townes, That those that will forsake the Rebell Cade, Shall haue free pardon from his Maiestie.

*Exet Stafford and his men.*

*Cade.* Come sirs, saint George for vs and Kent.

*Exet omnes.*

Alarums to the battaile, and sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother is slaine. Then enter Iacke

Cade againe and the rest.

*Cade.* Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day most valianly, And knockt them down as if thou hadst bin in thy slaughter house. And thus I will reward thee. The Lent shall be as long againe as it was, Thou shalt haue licence to kil for foure score & one a week. Drumme strike vp, for now weele march to London, for to morrow I meane to sit in the Kings seate at Westminster.

*Exet omnes.*

Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene, with the Duke of *Suffolkes* head, and the Lord *Say*, with others.

*King*



*Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

*King.* Sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother is slaine,  
And the Rebels march amaine to London,  
Go back to them, and tell them thus from me,  
Ile come and parley with their generall.

*Reade.* Yet staie, ile reade the Letter one againe.  
Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath solemnely vowde to haue thy head.

*Say.* I, but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.

*King.* How now Madam, still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death, I feare my loue, if I had bene dead, thou wouldst not haue mournde so much for me.

*Queene.* No my loue, I should not mourne, but die for thee.  
Enter a Messenger.

*Messen.* Oh flie my Lord, the Rebels are entered  
Southwarke, and haue almost wonne the Bridge,  
Calling your grace an vsurper,  
And that monstrous Rebelle Cade, hath sworne  
To Crowne himselfe King in Westminster,  
Therefore flie my Lord, and poste to Killingworth.

*King.* Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather  
An Army vp, and meete with the Rebels.  
Come Madame, let vs haste to Killingworth.  
Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs,  
For feare the Rebelle Cade do finde thee out.

*Say.* My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me.  
And therefore with your highnesse leaue, ile staie behind.

*King.* Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say.  
Come Madame, let vs go.

*Exet omnes.*

Enter the Lord *Skayles* vpon the Tower  
walles walking.

Enter three or foure Citizens below.

*Lord Scayles.* How now, is Iacke Cade slaine?

*I. Citizen.* No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine,  
For they haue wonne the bridge,  
Killing all those that withstand them.  
The Lord Mayor craueth ayde of your honor from the Tower,  
To defend the Citie from the Rebels.

*Lord Scayles.* Such aide as I can spare, you shall command,

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

But I am troubled here with them my selfe,  
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,  
But get you to Smythfield and gather head,  
And thither I will send you Mathew Goffe,  
Fight for your King, your Country, and your liues,  
And so farewell, for I must hence againe.

*Exet omnes.*

Enter *Iacke Cade* and the rest, and strikes his sword  
vpon London stone.

*Cade.* Now is Mortemer Lord of this Citie,  
And now sitting vpon London stone, We command,  
That the first yeare of our raigne,  
The pissing Cundit run nothing but red wine.  
And now hence forward, it shall be treason  
For any that calles me any otherwise then  
Lord Mortemer.

Enter a souldier.

*Sould.* Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.

*Cade.* Sounes, knocke him dovvne. (They kill him.)

*Dicke.* My Lord, theirs an Army gathered together  
Into Smythfield.

*Cade.* Come then, lets go fight with them,  
But first go on and set London bridge a fire,  
And if you can, burne dovvne the Towver too.  
Come lets avway.

*Exet omnes.*

Alarmes, and then *Mathew Goffe* is slaine, and all the  
rest vvith him. Then enter *Iacke Cade* a-  
gain, and his company.

*Cade.* So, sirs now go some and pull dovvn the Sauoy,  
Others to the Innes of the Court, dovvne vvith them all.

*Dicke.* I haue a sute vnto your Lordship.

*Cade.* Be it a Lordship Dicke, and thou shalt haue it  
For that vvord.

*Dicke.* That vve may go burne all the Records,  
And that all vvriting may be put dovvne,  
And nothing vsde but the score and the Tally.

*Cade.* Dicke it shall be so, and henceforvvard all things shall be  
in common, and in Cheape side shall my palphrey go to grasse.

Why



*Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

Why ist not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should parchment be made, & then with a litle blotting ouer with inke, a man should vndo himselfe.

Some saies tis the bees that sting, but I say, tis their waxe, for I am sure I neuer seald to any thing but once, and I was neuer mine owne man since.

*Nicke.* But when shall we take vp those commodities Which you told vs of.

*Cade.* Marry he that will lustily stand to it, Shall go with me, and take vp these commodities following: Item, a gowne, a kirtle, a petticoate, and a smocke.

*Enter George.*

*George.* My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say, Which sold the Townes in France.

*Cade.* Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou buckrum lord, What answere canst thou make vnto my mightinesse, For deliuering vp the townes in France to Mounfier bus mine cue, the Dolphin of France?

And more then so, thou hast most traitorously erected a grammer schoole, to infect the youth of the realme, and against the Kings Crowne and dignitie, thou hast built vp a paper-mill, nay it wil be said to thy face, that thou kepst men in thy house that daily reades of bookes with red letters, and talkes of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abhominable words as no Christian eare is able to endure it.

And besides all that, thou hast appointed certaine Iustises of peace in euery shire to hang honest men that steale for their liuing, and because they could not reade, thou hast hung them vp: Onely for which cause they were most worthy to liue. Thou ridest on a foot-cloth dost thou not?

*Say.* Yes, what of that?

*Cade.* Marry I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse weare a cloake, when an honest man then thy selfe, goes in his hose and doublet.

*Say.* You men of Kent.

*All.* Kent, what of Kent?

*Say.* Nothing but *bona, terra.*

*Cade.* *Bonum terum*, sounds whats that?

*Dicke.* He speakes French.

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

*Will.* No tis Dutch.

*Nicke.* No tis outtalian, I know it well inough.

*Say.* Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar wrote,  
Termde it the ciuel'st place of all this land,  
Then noble Country-men, heare me but speake,  
I sold not France, I lost not Normandie.

*Cade.* But wherefore doest thou shake thy head so?

*Say.* It is the pallsie and not feare that makes me.

*Cade.* Nay thou nodst thy head, as who say, thou wilt be euen  
with me, if thou getst away, but ile make the sure inough, now I  
haue thee. Go take him to the stander in Cheapeside and chop of  
his head, and then go to milende-greene, to sir Iames Cromer his  
sonne in law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me vpon  
two poles presently. (Away with him.

*Exet* one or two, with the Lord *Say.*

There shall not a noble man weare a head on his shoulders,  
But he shall paie me tribute for it.  
Nor there shal not a mayd be married, but he shal fee to me for her.  
Maydenhead or else, ile haue it my selfe,  
Marry I will that married men shall hold of me in capitie,  
And that their wiues shalbe as free as hart can thinke, or toong can

*Enter Robin.*

(tell.

*Robin.* O Captaine, London bridge is a fire.

*Cade.* Runne to Billingsgate, and fetch pitch and flaxe and  
squench it.

*Enter Dicke* and a Sargiant.

*Sargiant.* Iustice, iustice, I pray you sir, let me haue iustice of this  
fellow here.

*Cade.* Why what has he done?

*Sarg.* Alasse sir he has rauisht my wife.

*Dicke.* Why my Lord he would haue rested me,  
And I went and and entred my Action in his wiues paper house.

*Cade.* Dicke follow thy sute in her common place,  
You horson villaine, you are a Sargiant youle,  
Take any man by the throate for twelue pence,  
And rest a man when hees at dinner,  
And haue him to prison ere the meate be out of his mouth.  
Go Dicke take him hence, cut out his toong for cogging,

Hough



*Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

Hough him for running, and to conclude,  
Braue him with his owne mace.

*Exet with the Sargiant.*

Enter two with the Lord *Sayes* head, and sir *Iames*  
*Cromers*, vpon two poles.

So, come carry them before me, and at euery lanes ende, let them  
kisse together.

Enter the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Lord *Clifford* the  
Earle of *Comberland*.

*Clifford*. Why country-men and warlike friends of *Kent*,  
What meanes this mutinous rebellions,  
That you in troopes do muster thus your selues,  
Vnder the conduct of this Traitor *Cade*?  
To rise against your foueraigne Lord and King,  
Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,  
If you forsake this monstrous Rebelle here?  
If honour be the marke whereat you aime,  
Then haste to France that our forefathers wonne,  
And winne againe that thing which now is lost,  
And leaue to seeke your Countries ouerthrow.

*All*. A Clifford, a Clifford.

*They forsake Cade.*

*Cade*. Why how now, will you forsake your generall,  
And ancient freedome which you haue possesse?  
To bend your neckes vnder their seruile yokes,  
Who if you stir, will straightwaies hang you vp,  
But follow me, and you shall pull them downe,  
And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

*All*. A Cade, a Cade.

*They runne to Cade againe.*

*Cliff*. Braue warlike friends heare me but speak a word,  
Refuse not good whilst it is offered you,  
The King is mercifull, then yeeld to him,  
And I my selfe will go along with you,  
To Winfore Castle whereas the King abides,  
And on mine honour you shall haue no hurt.

*All*. A Clifford, a Clifford, God saue the King.

*Cade*. How like a feather is this rascall company

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

Blowne euery way,  
But that they may see there want no valiancy in me,  
My staffe shall make way through the midst of you,  
And so a poxe take you all.

He runs through them with his staffe, and flies away.

*Buc.* Go some and make after him, and proclaime,  
That those that can bring the head of Cade,  
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his labour.  
Come march away.

*Exet omnes.*

Enter King *Henry* and the *Queene*, and *Somerſet*.

*King.* Lord *Somerſet*, what newes here you of the Rebell *Cade*?

*Som.* This, my gracious Lord, that the Lord *Say* is don to death,  
And the Citie is almost sackt.

*King.* Gods will be done, for as he hath decreede, so must it be:  
And be it as he please, to stop the pride of those rebellious men.

*Queene.* Had the noble Duke of *Suffolke* bene aliue,  
The Rebell *Cade* had bene supprest ere this,  
And all the rest that do take part with him.

Enter the Duke of *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, with the  
Rebels, with halters about their necks.

*Cliff.* Long liue King *Henry*, Englands lawfull King,  
Loe here my Lord, these Rebels are subdude,  
And offer their liues before your highnesse feete.

*King.* But tell me *Clifford*, is there Captaine here.

*Cliff.* No, my gracious Lord, he is fled away, but proclamations  
are sent forth, that he that can but bring his head, shall haue a thou-  
sand crownes. But may it please your Maiestie, to pardon these  
their faults, that by that traitors meanes were thus misled.

*King.* Stand vp you simple men, and giue God praise,  
For you did take in hand you know not what,  
And go in peace obedient to your King,  
And liue as subiects, and you shall not want,  
Whilst *Henry* liues, and weares the English Crowne.

*All.* God saue the King, God saue the King.

*King.* Come let vs hast to London now with speed,  
That solemne professions may be sung,  
In laud and honour of the God of heauen,  
And triumphs of this happie victorie.

*(Exet omnes.)*

Enter



*Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

Enter *Iacke Cade* at one doore, and at the other, maister *Alexander Eyden* and his men, and *Iack Cade* lies downe picking of hearbes and eating them.

*Eyden.* Good Lord how pleasant is this country life,  
This litle land my father left me here,  
With my contented minde serues me as well,  
As all the pleasures in the Court can yeeld,  
Nor would I change this pleasure for the Court.

*Cade.* Sounes, heres the Lord of the soyle, Stand villaine, thou wilt betraie mee to the King, and get a thousand crownes for my head, but ere thou goest, ile make thee eate yron like an Astridge, and swallow my sword like a great pinne.

*Eyden.* Why sawcy companion, why should I betray thee?  
Is it not inough that thou hast broke my hedges,  
And enterd into my ground without the leaue of me the owner,  
But thou wilt braue me too,

*Cade.* Braue thee and beard thee too, by the best blood of the Realme, looke on me well, I haue eate no meate this fiue dayes, yet and I do not leaue thee and thy fiue men as dead as a doore nayle, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

*Eyden.* Nay, it neuer shall be saide whilst the world doth stand, that *Alexander Eyden* an Esquire of Kent, tooke oddes to combat with a famisht man, looke on me, my limmes are equall vnto thine, and euery way as big, then hand to hand, ile combat thee. Sirrha fetch me weopons, and stand you all aside.

*Cade.* Now sword, if thou doest not hew this burly-bond churle into chines of beefe, I beseech God thou maist fal into some smiths hand, and be turnd to hobnailes.

*Eyden.* Come on thy way. (They fight, and *Cade* fals downe.

*Cade.* Oh villaine, thou hast slaine the floure of Kent for chiuallrie, but it is famine & not thee that has done it, for come ten thousand diuels, and giue me but the ten meales that I wanted this fiue daies, and ile fight with you all, and so a poxe rot thee, for Iacke Cade must die. (He dies.

*Eyden.* Iack Cade, & was it that monstrous Rebelle which I haue slaine. Oh sword ile honour thee for this, and in my chamber shalt thou hang as a monument to after age, for this great seruice thou hast done to me. Ile drag him hence, and with my sword cut off his head, and beare it  
Enter

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

Enter the Duke of *Yorke* with Drum and souldiers.  
*Yorke*. In Armes from Ireland comes *Yorke* amaine,  
Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre,  
To entertaine faire Englands royall King.  
Ah *Sancta Maiesta*, who would not buy thee deare?

Enter the Duke of *Buckingham*.

But soft, who comes here *Buckingham*, what newes with him?

*Buc*. *Yorke*, if thou meane well, I greeete thee so.

*Yorke*. Humphrey of *Buckingham*, welcome Ifsveare:  
What comes thou in loue or as a Messenger?

*Buc*. I come as a Messenger from our dread Lord and soueraign,  
*Henry*. To knowv the reason of these Armes in peace?  
Or that thou being a subiect as I am,  
Shouldst thus approach so neare vvith colours spred,  
Whereas the person of the King doth keepe?

*Yorke*. A subiect as he is.

Oh hovv I hate these spitefull abiect termes,  
But *Yorke* dissemble, till thou meete thy sonnes,  
Who novv in Armes expect their fathers fight,  
And not farre hence I knowv they cannot be.  
Humphrey Duke of *Buckingham*, pardon me,  
That I ansvearde not at first, my mind vvas troubled,  
I came to remoue that monstrous Rebell Cade,  
And heaue proud *Somerfet* from out the Court,  
That basely yeelded vp the Towvnes in France.

*Buc*. Why that vvas presumption on thy behalfe,  
But if it be no othervvise but so,  
The King doth pardon thee, and grantst to thy request,  
And *Somerfet* is sent vnto the Towver.

*Yorke*. Vpon thine honour is it so?

*Buc*. *Yorke*, he is vpon mine honour.

*Yorke*. Then before thy face, I here dismisle my troopes,  
Sirs, meete me to morrov in saint Georges fields,  
And there you shall receiue your paie of me.

*Exet* souldiers.

*Buc*. Come *York*, thou shalt go speake vnto the King,  
But see, his grace is comming to meete vvith vs.

Enter



*Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.**Enter King Henry.*

*King.* How now Buckingham, is Yorke friends with vs,  
That thus 'on bringst him hand in hand with thee?

*Buc.* He is my Lord, and hath dischargde his troopes  
Which came with him, but as your grace did say,  
To heaue the Duke of Somerset from hence,  
And to subdue the Rebels that vvere vp.

*King.* Then welcome cousin Yorke, giue me thy hand,  
And thanks for thy great seruice done to vs,  
Against those traitorous Irish that rebeld.

*Enter maister Eyden vvith Iacke Cades head.*

*Eyden.* Long liue Henry in triumphant peace,  
Lo here my Lord vpon my benided knees,  
I here present the traitorous head of Cade,  
That hand to hand in single fight I slue.

*King.* First thanks to heauen, & next to thee my friend,  
That hast subdued that vicked traitor thus.  
Oh let me see that head that in his life,  
Did vvorke me and my land such cruell spight,  
A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled locks,  
Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow,  
Presagerh vvarlike humors in his life.  
Here take it hence, and thou for thy revvard,  
Shalt be immediatly created Knight.

Kneele dovvne my friend, and tell me vvhat's thy name?

*Eyden.* Alexander Eyden, if it please your grace,  
A poore Esquire of Kent.

*King.* Then rise vp sir Alexander Eyden knight,  
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue  
A thousand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,  
Beside the firme revvard that vvas proclaimde,  
For those that could performe this vvorthie act,  
And thou shalt vvaight vpon the person of the king.

*Eyden.* I humbly thank your grace, and I no longer liue,  
Then I proue iust and loyall to my king. (*Exet.*)

*Enter the Queene vvith the Duke of Somerset.*

*King.* O Buckingham see vvhere Somerset comes,  
Bid him go hide himselfe till Yorke be gone.

H

Queene.

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

*Queene.* He shall not hide himselfe for feare of Yorke,  
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.

*Yorke.* Whose that, proud Somerset at libertie?

Base fearefull Henry that thus dishonor't me,  
By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me:  
I cannot brooke that Traitors presence here,  
Nor will I subiect be to such a King,  
That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule,  
Resigne thy Crowne proud Lancaster to me,  
That thou vsurped hast so long by force,  
For now is Yorke resolu'd to claime his owne,  
And rise aloft into faire Englands Throane.

*Somer.* Proud Traitor, I arrest thee on high treason,  
Against thy soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee false Yorke,  
For here I sweare, thou shalt vnto the Tower,  
For these proud words which thou hast giuen the king.

*Yorke.* Thou art deceiued, my sonnes shalbe my baile,  
And send thee there in dispight of him.

Hoe, where are you boyes?

*Queene.* Call Clifford hither presently.  
Enter the Duke of *Yorkes* sonnes, *Edward* the Earle of *March*, and  
crook-backe *Richard*, at the one doore, with Drumme and sol-  
diers, and at the other doore, enter *Clifford* and his sonne, with  
Drumme and souldiers, and *Clifford* kneeles to *Henry*, and  
speakes.

*Cliff.* Long liue my noble Lord, and soueraigne King.

*Yorke.* We thanke thee Clifford.

Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,  
If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.

*Cliff.* Why, I did no way mistake, this is my King.  
What is he mad? to Bedlam with him.

*King.* I, a bedlam frantike humor driues him thus  
To leauy Armes against his lawfull King.

*Clif.* Why doth not your grace send him to the Tower?

*Queene.* He is arested, but will not obey,  
His sonnes he saith, shall be his baile.

*Yorke.* How say you boyes, will you not?

*Edward.* Yes noble father, if our words will serue.

*Richard.*



*Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Richard.* And if our words will not, our swords shall.

*Yorke.* Call hither to the stake, my two rough beares.

*King.* Call Buckingham, and bid him Arme himselfe.

*Yorke.* Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast,  
Both thou and they, shall curse this fatall houre.

Enter at one doore, the Earles of *Salsbury* and *VVarwicke*, with  
Drumme and souldiers, And at the other, the Duke of *Buckingham*, with Drumme and souldiers.

*Cliff.* Are these thy beares? weele bayte them soone,  
Dispight of thee, and all the friends thou hast.

*War.* You had best go dreame againe,  
To keepe you from the tempest of the field.

*Clif.* I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,  
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,  
And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,  
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

*VVar.* Now by my fathers age, old Neuels crest,  
The Rampant Beare chaine to the ragged staffe,  
This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,  
As on a mountaine top the Cedar shewes,  
That keepes his leaues in spight of any storme,  
Euen to affright the with the view thereof.

*Clif.* And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,  
And tread him vnderfoote with all contempt,  
Dispight the Beare-ward that protects him so.

*Yoong Clif.* And so renowned soueraigne to Armes,  
To quell these Traitors and their compleases.

*Richard.* Fie, Charitie for shame, speake it not in spight,  
For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to night.

*Yoong Clif.* Foule Stigmaticke thou canst not tell.

*Rich.* No, for if not in heauen, youle surely sup in hell.

*Exet omnes.*

Alarmes to the battaile, and then enter the Duke of *Somerfet*  
and *Richard* fighting, and *Richard* kills him vnder the signe of  
the Castle in saint *Albones*.

*Rich.* So Lie thou there, and breathe thy last.  
Whats here, the signe of the Castle?  
Then the prophesie is come to passe,

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,  
The which he alwaies did obserue.  
And now behold, vnder a paltry Ale-house signe,  
The Castle in faint Albones,  
Somerset hath made the Wiffard famous by his death.

*Exet.*

Alarme again, and enter the Earle of  
*Warwicke* alone.

*Var.* Clifford of Comberland, tis Warwicke calles,  
And if thou doest not hide thee from the Beare,  
Now whilst the angry Trompets sound Alarmes,  
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie aire:  
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,  
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Comberland,  
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to Armes.

Clifford speakes within.

Warwicke stand still, and view the way that Clifford hewes with  
his murdering Curtelaxe, through the fainting troopes to finde  
thee out.

Warwicke stand still, and stir not till I come.

*Enter Yorke.*

*Var.* How now my Lord, what a foote?  
Who kild your horse?

*Yorke.* The deadly hand of Clifford. Noble Lord,  
Fiue horse this day slaine vnder me,  
And yet braue Warwicke I remaine aliue,  
But I did kill his horse he lou'd so well,  
The boniest gray that ere was bred in North.

*Enter Clifford, and Warwicke offers to  
fight with him.*

Hold Warwicke, and seeke thee out some other chase,  
My selfe will hunt this deare to death.

*Var.* Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,  
Clifford farewell, as I entend to prosper well to day,  
It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassaild.

*Exet Varwicke.*

*Yorke.* Now Clifford, since we are singled here alone,



Be this the day of doome to one of vs,  
For now my heart hath sworne immortall hate  
To thee, and all the house of Lancaster.

*Clifford.* And here I stand, and pitch my foot to thine,  
Vowing neuer to stir, till thou or I be slaine.  
For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest,  
Till I haue spoyle the hatefull house of Yorke.

*Alarmes, and they fight, and Yorke kills Clifford.*

*Yorke.* Now Lancaster sit sure, thy sinowes shrinke,  
Come fearefull Henry grouelling on thy face,  
Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of Yorke.

*Exet Yorke.*

*Alarmes, then enter yoong Clifford alone.*

*Yoong Clifford.* Father of Comberland,  
Where may I seeke my aged father forth?  
O! dismall fight, see where he breathlesse lies,  
All smeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,  
Ah, aged pillar of all Comberlands true house,  
Sweete father, to thy murthred ghoast I sweare,  
Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,  
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,  
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,  
And left not one of them to breath on earth.

He takes him vp on his backe,  
And thus as old Ankyse's sonne did beare  
His aged father on his manly backe,  
And fought with him against the bloodie Greeks,  
Euen so will I. But staie, heres one of them,  
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate.

*Enter Richard, and then Clifford laies downe his father,*  
*fights with him, and Richard flies away againe.*  
Out crooktbacke villaine, get thee from my sight,  
But I will after thee, and once againe  
When I haue borne my father to his Tent,  
Ile trie my fortune better with thee yet.

*Exet yoong Clifford with his  
father.*

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*  
**Alarmer** againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing the Duke  
 of *Buckingham* wounded to his Tent.

**Alarmer** still, and then enter the King and Queene.

*Queene.* Avvay my Lord, and flie to London straight,  
 Make hast, for vengeance comes along vvith them,  
 Come stand not to expostulate, lets go.

*King.* Come then faire Queene, to London let vs hast,  
 And sommon a Parlament vvith speede,  
 To stop the fury of these dyre euent.

*Exet King and Queen.*

**Alarmer**, and then a flourish, and enter the Duke of  
*Yorke* and *Richard*.

*Torke.* Hovv novv boyes, fortunate this fight hath bene,  
 I hope to vs and ours, for Englands good,  
 And our great honour, that so long vve lost,  
 Whilst faint-heart Henry did vsurpe our rights:  
 But did you see old Salsbury, since we  
 With bloodie mindes did buckle with the foe,  
 I would not for the losse of this right hand,  
 That ought but well betide that good old man.

*Rich.* My Lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,  
 Charging his Lance with his old weary armes,  
 And thrise I saw him beaten from his horse,  
 And thrise this hand did set him vp againe,  
 And still he fought with courage gainst his foes,  
 The boldest sprited man that ere mine eyes beheld.

*Enter Salsbury and Warwicke.*

*Edward.* See noble father, where they both do come,  
 The onely props vnto the house of Yorke.

*Sals.* Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,  
 And thou braue bud of Yorkes encreasing house,  
 The small remainder of my weary life,  
 I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,  
 Three times this day thou hast preferu'd my life.

*Torke.* What say you Lords, the King is fled to London?  
 There as I here to hold a Parlament.

What



What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

*Var.* After them, nay before them if we can.  
Now by my faith Lords, twas a glorious day,  
Saint Albones battaile wonne by famous Yorke,  
Shall be eternest in all age to come.  
Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and to London all,  
And more such daies as these to vs befall.

*Exet omnes.*

**FINIS.**



**L O N D O N.**

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